JOHN BULL, week ending May 13, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1978

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MACHINE AGE MAN by the EDITOR

THIS IS A DISGRACE! by SWAFFER

OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD by A.G.G.

Cadbury Quality—and no points

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For 200 weekly issues FOOD FACTS has given the news and views of the Ministry of Food, with hundreds of wartime hints and recipes. The editors pledge themselves to carry on with the job of helping you to *feed* right and so to *feel* right despite wartime difficulties. And here is a "Request Programme" — reprinted items asked for over and over again, all still topical to-day.

Jam Pancakes

Mix 1 dried egg (dry), 4 oz. flour, salt, ½ pint mixed milk and water. Add sufficient of the liquid to make a stiff batter, beat well, add rest of liquid and beat again. This makes 6 pancakes. Fry each in smoking hot fat (just enough to grease the pan) browning the pancakes on both sides. Serve with a little plum jam on each.

(*From Food Facts* 190.)

AN A B C OF GREEN VEGETABLE COOKING

Always wash greens quickly. Never soak for a long time. Soaking wastes valuable vitamins and mineral salts.

Before cooking, shred greens with a knife. Shredding helps greens to cook quickly.

Cook all greens with the lid on. Use just enough boiling water to keep the pan from burning.

Don't kill the vitamins in the greens by overcooking. Ten minutes in the saucepan is usually enough.

Eat vegetables as soon as they are cooked. Waiting destroys the goodness.

(*From Food Facts* 176.)

Fat-saving Tips

1 Fried potatoes take less fat if they're boiled first, so boil extra potatoes for frying later.

2 Fat left in frying pan can be strained and clarified, and re-used. Wipe out frying pan while still hot with a scrap of paper and salt — don't clean with water.

(*From Food Facts* 189.)

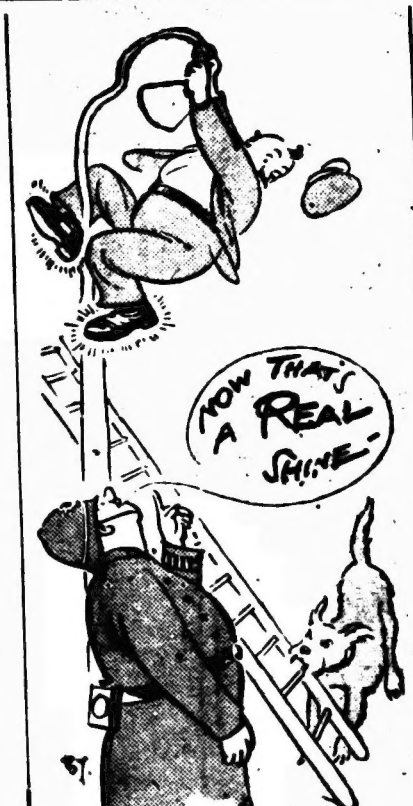
Bacon and Egg Pie

Divide ½ lb. pastry in two. Line a tin with one half. Make a filling with 4 rashers bacon, chopped; 2 reconstituted eggs, 6 oz. mashed potatoes, ½ teaspoon parsley, and seasoning. Pour into pastry in tin and cover with rest of pastry. Bake for 45 minutes. Sufficient for 4.

(*From Food Facts* 190.)

Don't waste fuel
On a vegetabuel
It's more to your credit
To shred it.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 200



-IT MUST BE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

APPLY SPARINGLY-
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 13, 1944.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

SPEED

● For years you must have wondered what Government spokesmen mean when they promise you something "shortly."

Now we can tell you. We can also state that the astonishing ramp in furnished flats will continue in England all this summer, but not in Scotland.

First, cast your mind back a bit. Last October, stung into belated action, the Ministry of Health promised a committee to consider rent racketeering. In November that committee was appointed under the chairmanship of Viscount Ridley.

In March this year, its report was promised "shortly."

Now we learn that it will appear in September.

So "shortly" apparently means six months. And in that period the Ministry can protest its inability to take action pending the report.

But Tom Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, doesn't seek excuses for delay. As we told you recently, he has set up a tribunal to review individual cases and fix a fair furnished rental.

• Lucky Scotland!

Straight from the Shoulder

VAST CONSPIRACY

INVASION vessels have been assembled in "gigantic" strength. British and American battleships are standing by. Allied troops embarked for one of the many "feints" promised by Mr. Churchill. German parachute troops have been rushed to the Atlantic Wall; German secret weapons are now ready. . . .

Each day brings such reports from enemy and neutral sources. But in Britain there is no comment that might yield a morsel of information to Rommel's astute staff.

We're All in It

Here, forty millions and more have joined a Conspiracy of Silence. It will not end until the Very lights and rocket shells soar over the Continent's shores, until the roar of massed artillery convulses the Eastern Front, until vast and daring operations sweep across the South.

But there is one vital point that may safely be discussed.

Balance Upset

The balance of forces has changed. One hundred German divisions are now guarding the Western Front. Fifty more are on the way from the Eastern Front.

That will leave only a million and three-quarter enemy troops to face the Russians' final and greatest offensive.

And it will not be enough. Not nearly enough!

Out-Numbered

Already the Germans admit they are outnumbered on the Eastern Front by three to one.

That may be an exaggeration—to prepare the German people for inevitable disaster. But there is no doubt that, before even a shot has been fired, we have helped to ensure the success of the imminent Russian operations. All of us will be unselfishly pleased that this is so.

Far, Far Away?

Berlin also states that the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* has, however, been sent back to Russia. That is more than an exaggeration. It is a lie.

Is it intended to put heart into the Germans doomed to die in Poland? It won't deceive anyone else.

No, most of Goering's pilots are stationed nearer Britain to oppose the fiercest air offensive ever devised.

Going Well

Already the first stage of that offensive is going well. German transport routes on the Continent are being ploughed up by our bombs. So much so that branch railway lines in Germany are having to be pulled up for removal to the occupied lands to make good the damage.

In Germany itself great centres are being devastated. Munich is not the only city that is "sinking into ashes and rubble."

Confidence

Aircraft from Italy are swelling the assault. And the eleventh hour finds General Alexander, that cautious and rather taciturn commander, more confident than ever.

His armies will play an important part in what is coming. His opponent, Kesselring, has prepared new defence lines so as to retreat from one "prepared position" to another. But Italy will not be the only southern sphere of operations.

Getting Ready

Foreign observers, indeed, report that Allied warships are massing off the coast of Greece. The enemy expects attack not only in the Balkans but in Southern France.

Certainly the opportunities are obvious enough.

Slight Rise

In the Far East, our enemies are pondering on Admiral King's revelation—that the U.S. Navy man-power has increased from 156,000 to 2,750,000. Which should give the Japanese an indication of what will happen to them when the war in the West is won!

As for the Japanese campaign in Burma, we shall hear no more of that when the monsoon breaks soon. And when the monsoon ends in the autumn Japan will have bigger things to face.

Chinese Disunity

In China, there is a hope that Chiang Kai-shek's armies and the Communist forces will cease warring against each other.

London's loan of £50,000,000 should induce them to co-operate against the real enemy and to plan a New China on democratic principles.

Marooned in London

Not that China is our only ally which needs to get to grips with reality. The Polish Government, ensconced in London, should move to Russia and link up with its nationals there—if only to direct the underground movement in Occupied Poland.

King Peter, too, is still in London. He would be wise to take 'plane to Tito's headquarters. And King George remains distant from the Greek guerillas.

AIR RAIDS!

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in addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre London, W.C.2.

United in Name

It would be easier for these gallant peoples to heal their differences if larger Powers presented a United Front.

Britain, Russia and the U.S.A. have completely co-ordinated their military plans for the coming months. But on other matters they appear as detached as the coldly gleaming planets that revolve in the majestic isolation of furthermost space.

By-Passed

Thus, there is the welcome agreement between Russia and Czechoslovakia.

Britain and the U.S.A. were kept informed of the negotiations. They were not invited to join them. The European Advisory Commission was by-passed. So the Commission is evidently not being allowed to fulfil the purpose for which it was created.

Passing the Baby

So, too, in the case of France. Mr. Eden has at last stated that France, when liberated, will be able to choose its own government.

But the plans are not being drawn up by the Commission. They are not being devised by the United Nations' statesmen. No, this peculiarly difficult baby has been put out to nurse with a man who needs all his time for the greatest military task ever attempted.

In the midst of preparing the Invasion from the West, the Supreme Commander must break off to talk politics. Poor General Eisenhower!

Slowing Down

Two of the four Great Powers have certainly been talking politics to advantage. They have made Spain see reason, so Germany will get less wolfram and her industrial wheels will soon lose speed.

But Portugal still sends more wolfram to Germany than Spain ever did. And, though Portugal is our oldest ally, she is proving obdurate. However, time may bring changes in her position, as it has done in the case of Turkey.

In Harmony

Again, Britain and America have been discussing oil. They have agreed on the need for a joint commission to develop the oil resources they control.

There is a bigger need. For Russia and other United Nations also use oil. And there should be, not an Anglo-American Commission, but a World Commission to ensure fair distribution of *all* the oil available.

Factors of Peace

Then there are such open subjects as the treatment of aggressor States, economics, finance, and many others.

They are not remote affairs. At any time now they may become vitally urgent. They are not questions for expert consideration only. They concern us all; upon them depends whether we shall live in peace and reasonable prosperity when this war is over.

We must now concern ourselves with what General Smuts, in a memorable phrase, described the other day as "the wider cause of Man."

New League

As a start, the Allied statesmen should frame a reconstituted League of Nations. That would be a logical continuation of the London conference of Commonwealth Ministers and the proposal to set up a permanent Commonwealth Secretariat.

Waiting

It is because the main lines of world planning have not yet been laid down that we are still waiting for the branch lines of British social reform.

Britain cannot have an agricultural policy, a definite employment programme, and so on, until we know we can rely upon a new system governing international exchange of goods.

Lead Lacking

And that we do not know. For there is no sign of international co-operation on trade affairs; there is rivalry instead.

The *Financial News* summed up finely when it said last week: "Is the lead lacking? As the country most dependent on international trade, Britain might appropriately provide it."

It continued: "The world has discovered that prosperity is as indivisible as peace.

"Unless there is a concerted move to foster the industrialisation and development of backward countries and to raise their standards of living, there is little hope of maintaining full employment in the advanced countries."

Unite and Fight!

To be fair, our criticism must extend to the Labour Party as well as the Government.

Recent events have discouraged the millions who look to that Party as a powerful instrument of democratic reform.

It should now close its ranks to fight for what it plans to achieve—otherwise it will achieve nothing.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

AGENT provocateur is a foreign name for a very un-English person. He's the man or woman whose unfair methods we have constantly exposed in JOHN BULL. The person who does more to lure people into committing offences than to catch them honestly.

Now we've got some good news about agent provocateur tactics.

Check Up

Three Government Departments—the Ministry of Food, the Board of Trade and the Home Office—are going to check such methods of getting prosecutions.

Questions have been asked about the scandal in the House of Commons; other questions are down for early replies. Individual traders and their organisations have been complaining about the traps set to catch people over food or coupon transactions.

Posed as Countess

In one case, at the instance of private detectives employed by the Ministry of Food a woman posed as a countess, said she was interested in entertaining Servicemen, in order to tempt a trader into giving her extra rations.

That is a distasteful trick.

Not Worth It

It's not always easy to get evidence without setting some sort of trap. But JOHN BULL believes that agent provocateur methods are just not worth the results.

We hope the result of the present Government inquiries will be an Order that no one shall induce or abet an offence *even if they know they are dealing with law-breakers.*

Top Prices

The Ministry of Food, good as it's been in its general policy, has been bad in the use of agents-provocateur. It's also been bad occasionally in its attitude to the small points of the law.

An Army captain, stationed in Belfast, received a basket of vegetables to be auctioned for the R.A.F. Fund. It came from the father of an airman on active service.

A Ministry of Food official heard of the scheme, pointed out that on no account must the vegetables be sold above the controlled price. So the captain bought the lot himself.

Way Round

They're pretty keen on the regulations in Belfast. At an auction sale, bids were invited for a box containing a dozen eggs. The money was to go to the Airmen and Sailors' Fund.

But the Ministry of Food turned up again. Out came the formula about the illegality of selling eggs like this. So they sold the box itself and raised £2 12s.

What happened to the eggs is not disclosed. In less regulation-ridden days they'd have been used to pelt the official—correct as he was according to the rules.

"Under the Counter"

Where they are needed, the Ministry of Food often finds it impossible to make rules.

More complaints have been coming in about unfair distribution of oranges. Apparently "under the counter" methods are commoner than ever.

The Ministry says it cannot order shopkeepers to sell to anyone. We can see the difficulty, but we do press Colonel Llewellin to use his drastic powers in cases where the shops are guilty of favouritism over a long period.

Food for Thought

Talking about food brings us to a letter we had this week from a sergeant in the Royal Marines. Writing from somewhere in the Mediterranean area he gives us a list of the rations for seven days for sixty-five men. There's enough to eat and some variety, but the menus are nothing like the humblest housewife can provide at home.

The sergeant begins by saying that he and his friends are not in any way dissatisfied with life under Active Service conditions. But—and this is how he goes on. . . .

"Letting Us Down"

"We'd like the people at home who are striking to know what we put up with. We left our homes, wives, mothers and fathers and our native land to fight this war. We also left the people at home to back us up in the front line. But it appears that with all their home comforts, they are consistently letting us down. It's queer when you sit and think of your own folk doing this to the fighting men abroad."

Just Puzzled

Yes, it is queer—this attitude of some civilians. The sergeant writes at length. He uses no pompous language. He's just puzzled. We wish that anyone who listens to the strike agitators (if they dare to raise their heads now) could read all he has to say.

Letter Following

Other Royal Marines, in camp in North Wales after coming home from the Middle East, have had an unusually long time to wait for their mail. They moved from one base to another fifteen miles or so away and it took nine days for their letters to follow.

One Marine got a message saying his wife was just ready to go into hospital. He was staggered. An earlier letter explaining the reason was among those that were not forwarded.

For the P.O.W.

There are signs that we might soon be having more wounded prisoners back home. Now is the time to make arrangements which will save them needless anxiety in their first few days.

Last time there were instances of great hardship during essential travel. Much of it could have been avoided.

Home Trip

The case of Bombardier David Meake shows the sort of thing we mean. His leg was fractured in Tunisia and he walks with a stick. Recently he had to travel from a military hospital in the south to his home at Bradford, Yorkshire.

That's not an easy journey these days for a fit man. Meake had to struggle across London from Waterloo to King's Cross with a suitcase and several parcels. It wasn't very comforting to have to hop along unaided.

Time to Start

At Paddington a woman porter went to help an R.A.F. man whom she saw surrounded by luggage and with one arm in plaster. He had been fourteen hours on the way from Scotland, and she was the first to offer a helping hand. And he still had to get to Birmingham.

Obviously it's impossible to have casual volunteers standing by at the big stations at all hours of the day and night. So the authorities might well tackle a problem that looks like getting bigger very soon.

Back Pay

We're pleased to record that another ex-Serviceman has got a belated square deal through JOHN BULL. A few weeks ago a sailor from Aberdeen wrote to us about his pension. He went back to his job after a serious accident on a minesweeper, but he suffered such hardship that he had to go into hospital and have an operation.

His services rendered were priced by the Ministry of Pensions at 7s. 6d. a week for thirty-five weeks. When we looked into the case there was a change of mind, and now the man gets 12s. a week. And he was paid arrears totalling £65.

"Not Out"

Congratulations to the Ministry of Labour umpire who recently refused to have a girl called up because it would entail "hardship over and above the normal."

The girl is the sister of a serving soldier whose home she shared and maintains. If she'd been called up she would have been compelled to sell the furniture and end the tenancy.

Ex-Pilot's Laundry

It's a great pity such reason on the part of the Ministry of Labour officials isn't commoner. The country hospitals might not have been in their present sorry plight if it were.

A young man of twenty-six, an ex-bomber pilot now invalided out of the Service, has just spent three weeks trying to run his house, visit his wife who's had a bad time with her first baby, collect her washing and the infant's, do it, and deliver it on time.

The hospital was so short of staff it would not take on the lightest washing.

★ **THE QUEEN WAS DUCHESS OF YORK** ★

when she opened the Training College for the Disabled which bears her name. That was in 1935. Now the College, which prepares seriously disabled people for jobs in the open market, has celebrated the placing of the thousandth trainee in employment.

Queen Elizabeth's Training College has tackled ex-Servicemen, industrial workers, and air raid casualties ranging in age from fifteen to sixty. It's fitted them for jobs as draughtsmen, bookkeepers, cooks, and a very high proportion of those trained are now helping the war. A fine record of service.

Too Many Girls

And while this sort of thing is happening a South-East London reader writes to complain of the over-staffing at his fire station. Apart from the full-time women, he says, there are sixty part-timers. The result is that many of them sit about doing little or nothing. The place is Penge if the authorities are interested—as they should be.

What's Normal?

Another example of wasted time comes in a report from an airman at a training camp in North-West England. It's one of those old stories of a complete hold-up in production because of a high official's visit.

The men in the workshops were told to stop their ordinary jobs, clean the windows, and get everything ready so that the visitor could see the place *under normal conditions.*

—Not This

These normal conditions were very strange indeed.

The official did not turn up when he was expected. Nor on the next day. So hundreds of men wasted one and a half days.

Poor Timing

Until now civilians have been reasonably sure of getting their clothes cleaned—sooner or later. But the Board of Trade has just decided to restrict cleaners to 25 per cent. civilian orders against 75 per cent. for the Services.

This at a time when people are trying to "make do" and to put their winter clothes away clean so that the moths won't get at them.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Scotland Yard chiefs, after conferences with the War Office, are to tighten up banned area restrictions still further. People have been slipping through loopholes caused by police and military overlapping.**
- *Intelligence officers, back from the liberated areas of Yugoslavia, tell how huge areas now carry on as though no Germans were menacing them.*
- The Partisans are guardians of towns and districts with their own local councils, normal train and bus services, freely printed newspapers.
- **Tito's air force, now collaborating with Allied Squadrons, will soon be operating from inside Yugoslavia.**
- *After agreements with Spain, Sweden and Turkey are expected to follow suit in cutting off last supplies to Germany.*
- Vast expansion of the S.A. stormtroop organisation, which has been practically dormant for years, means last phase of German total mobilisation. S.A. members' ages range from 15 to 70.

MACHINE-AGE MAN

"IN our medical schools at present there are too many students who have neither the character nor the ability to make good doctors."

This disturbing statement, quoted from the report just issued by the Planning Committee of the Royal College of Physicians, has a wide general bearing upon our post-war plans.

For if, on the eve of setting up a national health service, we are turning out young doctors not suitable for their important work, the probability is that similar defects will be found among the recruits to all skilled occupations.

This would be a serious matter at any time, but it would be doubly serious in the period of national reconstruction after the war ends, when we shall have to rely more than ever before on the *quality* of British man-power.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

JOHN BULL refuses to believe, however, that there is any real falling off in that quality. We are confident that the present-day youngster is as good as his father was before him.

So are Lord Moran and his colleagues of the Royal College of Physicians.

They find, it is true, that the average medical student "tends to lack curiosity and initiative"; that "his powers of observation are relatively undeveloped"; that "his ability to arrange and interpret facts is poor."

But they consider these defects *chiefly attributable to the manner of his training.*

So do we. Students are the product of the times they live in. We live in the Machine Age, and, unless we take pains to improve our training methods, we shall tend to mass-produce Machine Age men.

Dr. H. E. A. Boldero, Dean of Middlesex Hospital and a member of the Planning Committee, put the training problem in a nutshell when he said:

"The man of this century has perforce to learn a great deal more than the man of the nineteenth century because of the gigantic technical strides which medicine has made in the past forty years."

The war has not greatly affected the situation; it has merely increased the pace of scientific progress.

But the fact remains that the young men and women of to-day are expected to memorise far more than previous generations ever did.

They cannot pass examinations and win scholarships without cramming. Just as the Strassburg goose was penned in and stuffed with food to develop an enlarged and unhealthy liver, so is the mind of youth confined within narrow limits and stuffed with facts beyond its mental capacity to digest.

We are thus confronted with a curious dilemma, for while specialisation is essential in the modern world and technical knowledge of the utmost value, general intelligence and personal initiative are still prime factors in the equation of success.

JOHN BULL has staunchly supported every proposal calculated to provide the boys and girls of our country with "equality of opportunity."

Our qualified approval of the Government's Education Act is based upon the opportunities it provides.

For the making of the most useful post-war citizen we rate character, general intelligence, and specialised knowledge, in that order, as the most important qualifications.

But, though we agree that no promising young man or woman should be debarred from the highest educational opportunities for lack of money, we are not convinced that it would be a profitable national investment to throw our universities open to all and sundry without fee and without competitive tests.

No; what really matters is to pick out the most likely young people of any given age group for the various callings they are themselves inclined to follow.

And then to train them, first in general knowledge and in understanding of their fellows; and, secondly, in the expert, technical grasp of a given subject.

We quote at this point from a letter sent to us by the managing director of an engineering firm using the most modern methods in the selection—and training—of its own staff.

"*Intelligence,*" he writes, "*means capacity for learning*—not the extent of personal knowledge—coupled with the ability for constructive thinking."

This firm uses "intelligence tests" in the selection of all recruits. It does not judge these recruits solely by their intellectual capacity, and, still less, by the knowledge they have crammed.

But it does assess their value on character, plus intelligence, plus ability to acquire thorough technical efficiency in their chosen occupation.

That, we believe, is the only valid standard by which youth can be judged; it is the only standard which our educational authorities ought to consider in education from the infant school up to the university or the technical college.

It has been truly said that educational progress must always depend in the first instance not upon the system of teaching but upon the teachers.

Again we agree. Indeed, we are fearful lest the young pedagogue, like the young medico, should become the crammed and "inhuman" product of the Machine Age.

This truth is at last gaining recognition and JOHN BULL heartily welcomes the proposals made by Sir Arnold McNair's Committee to raise the whole status of the teaching profession.

The Committee has faced the plain fact that good teachers—of whom we shall need 90,000 more after the war—must be paid good salaries,

And should be encouraged to take a pride in their profession by fair prospects of advancement.

TO this end it is most sensibly proposed to do away with the present shabby distinction between elementary and secondary teachers.

And the Board of Education is advised to recognise one grade only—that of "qualified teacher"—to which no man or woman can attain without thorough and modern preparation.

Other important proposals call for the setting up of a national training scheme to improve conditions in the training colleges and for the abolition of the absurd and cruel "marriage bar" which has lost the country the services of many splendid women teachers.

In short, an enlightened charter for the teachers' profession has now been put before the Government, and deserves the close attention of Parliament and public alike.

The teaching profession has been consistently undervalued in our country. In terms of money, we have rated the makers of men and women at less than the makers of—say—machine tools.

But the keen and toughened and specialised intelligence of youth *is* the machine tool of post-war prosperity. We shall not hold our place in the community of Free Peoples by producing Robots.

We must supply the masters of the machine. We must breed supermen to ride the Machine Age. We must, whether we like it or not, stake our national fortune upon the quality—and teachability—of the rising generation.

H. G. Wells Sees It Through

MR. H. G. WELLS doesn't want many people to read his new book.

Only two thousand copies have been printed. Though it is quite a slim volume, it is priced at two guineas. And there will be no cheap edition.

Strange!

For the ideas in this book (*'42 to '44*, published by Secker and Warburg) will not shock the millions who have read Mr. Wells' earlier commentaries on world affairs.

And the arguments he employs will certainly seem familiar to JOHN BULL readers.

He is scornful of much that has happened in the last two years.

He regards General de Gaulle as an adventurer and a dictator. He flays Lord Vansittart.

He thinks "it is appalling that this blinkered, pleasant, gossipy, gullible snob"—meaning Sir Samuel Hoare—should be in Madrid as the spokesman of a democracy. Then, in friendly language, he regrets Mr. Churchill's loyalty to Ministers who have proved incompetent

But such passages are only incidental to a lucidly expressed plan for a New World that would offer all its inhabitants a fairer and finer life.

★ ★ ★

How can that brave new world be fashioned?

By a system of international justice, to begin with. By firm action against the aggressor States.

Partly by education that will develop the capabilities of Man everywhere:

"There are claptrap phrases about backward races and inferior peoples. These are the excuses by which those who still hope to go on at an advantage over their fellow-creatures camouflage their own base dreams."

There are no backward races, Mr. Wells insists. He mentions the mechanical genius of the Australian black fellow—who, according to scientific tests, has the highest intelligence quotient in the world.

So there must be a world-wide system of education.

A great task, certainly. But "finance is made for man and not man for finance, and a financial system that cannot bring together unemployed material and unemployed men, in education as in other things, is obviously too idiotic to be tolerated in the New World."

There must be world controls—of air transport, food, natural resources, and the like—operated not by "trustee Powers" but by commissions of capable men chosen irrespective of nationality.

★ ★ ★

These ideas, I repeat, will not be new to readers of these columns.

Thus, JOHN BULL said recently of cartels: "By their success, monopolies prove they are ripe for national and international action—and control in the interest not only of the producer but of the consumer."

Mr. Wells puts it like this: "As big business systems grow, even under the incubus of private ownership, their working approximates more and more closely to the necessary forms, ministries and administrations of a world-wide socialist order."

Such conclusions are surely not too advanced for the ordinary reader.

And I find it hard to understand why Mr. Wells, who has done so much to enlighten the minds of men, should presume that a few people who have two guineas to spare should necessarily be those who could most benefit by studying his summing-up of a lifetime's philosophy.

It's a mystery.

J. E. T.

Mr. J. SEYMOUR PRICE,
President, Baptist Union

DEAR SIR,—Sometimes, pondering the working of organised religion, I wonder why the Churches function at all.

Gloom and denunciation, wishy-washy sentiment, and a negative outlook tend to destroy the spiritual resilience in man.

To-day, when there is a growing tendency to regard the uses of the world as "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," it is wearisome to read your words: "We are surrounded by a world tempted to cynicism and disillusionment; we are living in days when men, even the finest and best, are almost blinded by despair."

I don't doubt that despair blankets the lives of millions of miserable, enslaved men and women in Europe. I grant that there is despair in the hearts of narrow-minded people in Britain.

But there is no despair in the hearts of those who see this struggle in its true perspective; who see in the sacrifice and endeavour of our Fighting Forces all the qualities that make them crusaders of great import to the world.

Hope still lives in Europe. Hope has never died here. And the conflict—the good fight of Light against the Powers of Darkness—is the inevitable conflict between Good and Evil.

More enlightened leaders of the Church than you see the dawn of Hope beyond the blackness of Despair. They see in the present turmoil an opportunity to bring to the suffering nations a living Faith; they see in the steadfast confidence of this island a belief in the righteousness of a noble cause.

Why dwell on despair? Dwell rather on the coming triumph; on the virtues that will have made that triumph possible; and on the Things of the Spirit which are with more people than you seem to realise.—JOHN BULL.

Father FRANCIS BURNEY,
Church of St. Mary, Manchester

DEAR FATHER BURNEY,—No one deplores more than I the conduct of some of our war-crazy, sex-crazy girls to-day. They are a blot on our social conscience. They make all the endeavour of their parents, whose control they so sadly lack, appear worthless.

If you are right in your assertion that the church you love is desecrated by profane love, in the sense that girls in their teens make love with soldiers on its very steps, I can appreciate the horror you feel on contacting this "sexual sin."

Yet I cannot agree with your suggestion that such girls should be horsewhipped. These poor children are not so much to be punished as to be pitied.

Compassion must arise, such compassion as the Master showed for the woman of Samaria. Understanding, too, is needed. The girls who fling themselves stupidly into the flux of war are like the ones for whom was pleaded: "They know not what they do."

The horsewhip will not sanctify your church. It stands inviolate against the angry passions of humanity and of war. It is there as a refuge, not as a punishment centre; and its real purpose, if I read my Scriptures rightly, is to guide and help the stray sheep.

These erring girls are human—"even as you and I"—and in their frailty is a problem as great as any your church has tackled. Forget the horsewhip. Forget the horror.

And *remember* that judgment is neither yours nor mine. Maybe, then, these poor, misguided girls will appreciate that an ounce of understanding is worth a pound of punishment. — JOHN BULL.

Lord HALIFAX,
Our Ambassador to U.S.A.

MY LORD,—You found the diplomatic going hard when you went to Washington three years ago. In the intervening period you have come to understand and appreciate the worth of the American people; and they, in turn, now warm towards you.

No man to-day has a post of greater potentials for good or evil than you have.

Future co-operation between U.S.A. and Britain is one of the essentials to lasting peace. And your recent speech at Charleston, Virginia. proves how profoundly you realise this truth.

Already the isolationists in both countries are active. Already in some trade and business circles there is talk of post-war rivalry in world markets. Already the grabbers are laying their plans to exploit anyone and everyone.

Your reminder that there need be after the war no real clash between the vital interests of the U.S.A. and Britain is timely. You told America something of our post-war plans and ambitions—these latter simple, not grandiose.

In this country, as in America, the ordinary man and woman want lasting peace, secure jobs, decent homes, and a better standard of living.

In debunking the men with the trade clash complex, you also answered those who predict an intolerable cut-throat competition in the world of shipping.

While you stated frankly that revival of our shipping was vital to our very livelihood, you also stressed that there was nothing in this to disturb Anglo-American relations.

As our fighting men work harmoniously together to ensure the end of Hitlerism so must all men of good will work together *now* to ensure a continuance of that co-operation and partnership necessary for an equally great cause—the welfare not only of America and Britain but of the world.

The first insurance against post-war want and fear is the united desire and demand of the great English-speaking nations for such a world. The rest will follow.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Halifax has an increasingly difficult job.

Open Letters

Dr. F. GRUNDY,
Medical Officer of Health, Luton

DEAR DR. GRUNDY,—You can imagine the laugh that echoed throughout the harassed homes of Britain when you told the British Social Hygiene Council that "home helps are not as popular as they ought to be."

The comments of Mrs. "J. B." when I showed her this somewhat misguided statement were almost unprintable. If I know my Britain—and I have been in close contact with it for many years—there is hardly a mother who would not welcome some help in the home; in fact, has welcomed it in vain.

It seems to me that at present it doesn't matter whether the idea is popular or not. Because such domestic help as is available is being "hogged" by rich, selfish individuals who go to any lengths to maintain large staffs of servants.

Scandalous cases cited in the House of Commons the other day reveal how determined and selfish these servant snatchers really are. How harassed, overworked, worried mothers must writhe in helpless indignation when they read of these anti-social comfort lovers.

True, your observations were directed in the main towards the hostility of mothers-to-be, who see in the help an invasion of their home. True, also, is the fact that employment of such help would increase the cost of childbirth.

But I must disagree that there is a prejudice in some parts of the country against another woman coming into the home, even during sickness. That prejudice may have existed in the almost forgotten days of 1938.

To-day, it has been transformed into a prayer. Send along your home helps! They'll be as welcome as eggs in December!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—May I draw your attention to the statement of a Wallington (Surrey) Fire Guard that many doctors' surgeries have become funkholes for Fire Guards?

This dodge is a scandal. I know of men who evade Fire Guard duties because they produce medical certificates stating that they suffer from phlebitis and other complaints. These same men lead normal lives, play golf, drive cars, and, generally, are as fit as the other man who willingly puts in his hours of duty.

There is a remedy. Why not refer these dodgers to doctors appointed by your Ministry, and thus avoid what is obvious—the granting of certificates by medical men who are either too busy or too apathetic to go fully into cases?

I'll wager you would be surprised at the number of "unfit" Fire Guards you'd rope in.

And I'll wager further that few of them are doing a thing for the war effort, apart from making E.P.T.—JOHN BULL.

Accent on Commission or Accent?

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

I WAS frankly incredulous when the R.A.F. officers told me. For, on the face of it, the existence of ancient and traditional antagonism between northern and southern England seems absurd to-day.

Yet the officers assured me that, to-day, other things being equal, R.A.F. commissions are given to cadets from the South in preference to those from the North; and that in certain circumstances the northern candidates are penalised to the extent of ten marks.

For purposes of delineation, the snobs of the R.A.F. treat the north as between Trent and Tweed. The prejudice apparently does not extend to Scotland.

★ ★ ★

These senior R.A.F. men who regard accent as an important part of an officer's make-up no doubt still look upon the north as rude, unlettered—a tract of barbarian country littered with steel works, blast-furnaces, coal mines, factories and rows of ugly houses, set in equally ugly towns and cities.

Even if this conception of the North be true, it has nothing to do with the human material that comes from the north. I cannot write on this matter dispassionately because I am a northerner. But I doubt whether any man can consider impersonally a subject such as this.

One R.A.F. man from Manchester, applying for a commission, passed all right. Then he was asked what his bank balance was. He told them. He heard nothing for months. Then, as though rules and regulations had been changed, he was again called before the powers and granted a commission.

I have often wondered why these stupid prejudices exist. The accent of Lancashire or Yorkshire, Durham or Northumberland may jar on sensitive southern ears. But it has no bearing on a man's intellect or intelligence, on his courage or his enterprise.

Accent is meaningless. The affected drawl of some southerners may arouse north of the Trent amusement, suspicion or a faint contemptuous pity.

★ ★ ★

Yet this should not be. For again the drawl may cloak a quick, incisive mind, and a first-rate man of action.

It may be true, as Rousseau declared, that accent is the soul of language, giving to it feeling and truth. But officers are not appointed as teachers of elocution; and they are not expected to impart to their men a true appreciation of the infinite beauty and richness of our language.

Accent is like music when an exile meets one of his kind. It is nostalgic, memory-provoking, sweetening. Yet it is without virtue. Equally it is without fault.

And as such it should be treated. To assess it in terms of suitability for any job on earth is merely another sign of that innate snobbery from which few of us escape.

★ **Here you can glance at one of the least-known and grimmest branches of Britain's war effort through an American's eyes. Thanks to the courtesy of YANK, the weekly paper written by U.S. soldiers, these scenes are taken from an article by**

Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

Up the Mountains —to the Rescue

IN the winter of 1941-42, a R.A.F. Anson trainer 'plane, on a routine flight, blundered into a cliff wall in the fog and mist that often wreathes the gaunt old mountains of North Wales.

Eighteen hours later the crippled, frozen, exhausted pilot knocked on the door of a farm cottage and babbled an incoherent story into the ears of a Welsh shepherd.

The pilot didn't know how many of his men were alive or dead. He couldn't even describe the location of the crash.

Through plain Shanks'-pony and telephone, the information finally came down to the R.A.F. training field at the foot of the hills.

Four Days Search

They found the crash all right—with one man alive, and two others dead. And as they carted the living and the dead down the mountains there was the harrowing thought that maybe one or both of the others might have been alive hours earlier.

Because this wasn't the first crash in the beautiful but treacherous (for fliers) Welsh mountain country, because this particular crash had been so difficult to find and because the men felt that—just possibly—more men might have lived if aid could have been more prompt—the most unique rescue operation in the British Isles was born.

It was hatched after this crash by F/Lt. Graham and his medics—the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service: "We are the original blokes who made it," says Sgt. Bill Harvey, the "first sergeant" at the field.

To-day there are four Mountain Rescue Service stations through Scotland and Wales. But the originals of the base in Wales have still the most accomplished record of lifesaving of them all.

The rules are simple—you never stop looking, and they have looked for as long as four days at a time.

In over two years they have never failed to find any crashed 'plane, to bring the living to recovery and the dead to the decency of burial.

They have worked through nights, signalling to each other through the "screen" of valleys which separate one man from another, with Very flares.

Their "theatre of operations," in this part of Wales, is in ancient country, with castles and fortifications dating back to the Middle Ages.

Delicate Work

These are gaunt old mountains with lots of sheer rock face, tumbling mountain streams and razor-edge ridges that are too tough even for the nimble-footed, hungry sheep.

Winter, the parade of weather is all on the villainous side—fog, mist, dampness and often a powdery blowing snow that drives through the valleys as if under the horsepower kick of a snow-plow.

If you ask them about their "toughest job" they remember one in which a Wellington crashed.

"It was a Coastal Command kite," says Ernie Jackson, "and what was left of it lay there in a marsh below the ridge like a gull with broken wings.

"Flying Control gave us his approximate position when his signals had faded out. It took us about two and a half hours to find the kite. Mucky it was.

"The pilot had to make a forced landing because one engine had packed up and he came down low, poking around the hills for a landing place.

"He found it all right. He just hit. There were two of them alive when we found the 'plane."

The snow was driving through the valleys that day. Ernie takes a long drag on his cigarette and says: "One was suffering from a fractured spine, and the other chap, he had a crash injury to his chest and a fractured arm. Both were air gunners. It was pea-soup weather, but a break in the clouds permitted us to see the semi-burnt out 'plane.

"Up above where we were the M.O. had a look at them, gave them drugs. We knew we had to get them out in a hurry. So we put the chap with the lung injury on the stretcher.

"We had to keep the other chap as stiff as possible because of the bad back. We used the flap of the wing and strapped him on to it. Then we put him on the stretcher and carried him over the ridge. . . ."

"Carried him over the ridge"—that meant lugging two desperately injured men up a slippery snow-covered ridge 750 ft. high and 1,200 ft. down the other side.

They had to go fast, but they had to be careful. The men were given hot drinks on the way.

". . . We got on to the flat road, put up tent again and made the patients more comfortable and gave them more hot drinks. It was then we discovered the lung case needed oxygen. Mick and the M.O. administered oxygen all the way."

"The way it worked," said Harvey, "I knew everything going on—I had the gen all the time. Sid Baker had given it to us by radio all along. I kept in contact with the hospital. So everything was ready when the men were brought down.

"Well, immediately afterward we receive news of another crash while the others were being driven to hospital. So I recontacted hospital until the M.O. arrived."

"What, another one?" said the M.O. "I give him all the gen. Pukka. This was about one-thirty in the afternoon. McTigue and Cpl. R. Harris went on this one. The plane had crashed about eleven. So on the two crashes it was a bit of go and no stopping at all.

"And if it weren't for the radio it'd be a complete failure all round."

There are some Americans to-day, members of Lib and DC3 crews, who crashed and baled out in this country, and they will probably remember these amiable, hardy MRS for a long time.

The Americans were found on the slopes and hidden in the cold fog that wrapped around them in these strange mountains.

And then, clumping along up the slope came Ernie Jackson; F/Lt. Scutamore, the ever-grinning Scotsman; Jock Cumming and the husky, quiet Liverpool Irishman, Mick McTigue; coming in out of the fog and delivering them to white sheets, sleep and recovery.

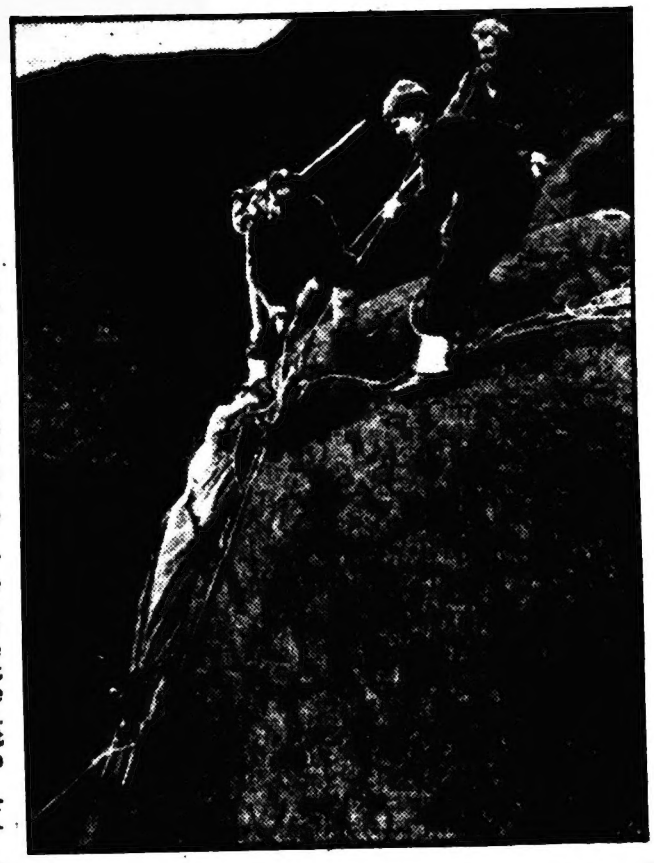
24-hour Alert

We went to Wales for a few days and climbed the mountain trails on two "trial runs" with the Mountain Rescue.

Along on these trips was Sgt. Hans Pick, on "detached service" from a mountain and ski troop outfit—an expert Alpine mountain climber, an ex-police officer from Vienna, who had specialised in mountain rescues. He had fifty or sixty of them to his credit in the "champion" mountains of Europe—the Alps.

On the shoulder of his British battle-dress was the one-word flash "Mountain."

It was raining hard, but Sgt. Pick kept looking out fretfully, eager for a little stint of climbing. Sgt. Leigh set the transmitter going, picked up his mike and called, "Cloverleaf," one, two and three, from Redfox, are you receiving me? Over." There was no answer.



Young Ernie Jackson, Flight-Lieut. Graham, and Jock Camming can hoist a stretcher up the wickedest cliff face

"The ridges are in the way, too much screen," said Sgt. Pick, peering out into the rain.

"The British soldiers, wherever one sees them are very well trained," said Sgt. Pick carefully, as if remembering something.

"When we were evacuated from St. Malo as the German tanks were approaching the French ports, you could realise then that they were good soldiers. Wonderfully disciplined. It was something to see.

"They marched aboard the boats in perfect order to show the French that they were not a scattered mob. They showed the French that their morale was good and that they would return some day."

The Mountain Rescue boys sat round the tent, listening quietly. If they were proud of British arms they didn't want to show it. They just listened. . . .

We drove carefully down the narrow path Jock Cumming named a pub in town that he'd meet us in, if he could get away.

This is a very interesting pub because it is the off-duty headquarters of the Mountain Rescue boys. If there would be a crash to-night, they could be picked up there.

Pass or no pass, the men are on a 24-hour alert. And no matter how good the beer is, no matter what her name is, they'd be off to the mountains.

And Now—The Railway Jeep!

THE Jeep has done it again!

Continuing its astonishing career, from its startling debut in Burma to its appearance on skis, it has now taken to the rails.

Not that you'll find it in *Bradshaw*, but don't be surprised if, one day, when you're waiting for a train held up by the invasion, you see instead a procession of jeeps hurtling along the permanent way.

★ ★ ★

It was Major H. G. A. Maudlin's idea.

Major Maudlin, who comes from Gidea Park, London, and was formerly in charge of an L.N.E.R. locomotive shed, thought how useful would be a jeep for reconnaisance purposes if it could dash forwards and backwards in the fighting areas by road *and rail*.

So Major Maudlin got down to the conversion.

His final production is almost as much a quick-change artist as the amphibious jeep, which treats dry land and water with equal scorn at the switch of its power from wheels to propeller.

The road-rail version carries four special brackets which hold either the normal tyred wheels or the flanged wheels for rail travel, a clamp to hold the wheels straight, and a turntable device.

A few moments only are needed for the change-over either way.

I mustn't tell you how fast she travels on the permanent way.

But if you ever see a jeep full out on the rails, you'll probably form the conclusion that the old non-stop 9.20 to London Bridge is a pretty slow sort of train at that!

Moreover, news has come from Russia of still another addition to the jeep's seemingly never-ending rôles.

★ ★ ★

General Konev and General Rotmistrov, routing the Germans out of Russia into Rumania, directed the forward surge of their armies from jeeps fitted with a simple wooden superstructure which turned them into miniature H.Q. vans.

Need I add that these distinguished jeeps, like most of their family, were less than a mile from the fiercest fighting?

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ Women will follow our troops to the Continent to relieve the hardships of the liberated peoples—women whose rigorous "toughening up" training in primitive camps in the wilds of Britain is described by

OLYVE GRAY

Women Who Will Mend Europe

HITLER set the world aflame. They said war was only for men.

In France and the Low Countries, when we fought with our backs to the wall, it was again said that women had no place in the horror.

But when we return to the Continent women will have big and important rôles to play!

Bringing order out of Europe's chaos will be one of their most important undertakings.

Don't think this work will mean a holiday, free of charge, on the Continent. It will mean hard work, long hours, and always a chance that death may be at your side.

Despite these prospects, a large "Reserve Army," trained and anxious to start, stands ready for action.

"Commandos"

The Council of British Societies for Relief Abroad, under the chairmanship of Sir William Goode, has been formed to supply capable recruits.

Sir William isn't a newcomer to the business. In the last war he was Britain's Director of Relief in Europe. In this one he has a still bigger job.

Of course, he has been able to count on the willing assistance of British institutions.

The Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army—yes, and the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides—are represented.

A central register has been kept for people with special qualifications.

Many have already had experience of relief work and the managing of camps for homeless.

People between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five are needed, but only those whose qualifications are considered excellent are considered.

Women will form a large portion of the "Brigades of Specialists"—among them doctors, nurses, civil engineers, and architects.

They will not have the romantic job some of us imagine.

Backed up by the greatest storehouse in the world, their task will be to use it to the best advantage. That is why people with a real knowledge of the countries likely to be invaded have been trained.

To prepare themselves for the rigorous conditions they know will await them across the Channel many organisations have been encouraging their members to "toughen up" in the real Commando manner.

Help for Tito

There are country camps where volunteers encounter conditions they expect to find when the relief of Europe commences.

I know one girl, who belonged to the Guides, who went to a Scottish camp. She found a lonely cottage, with two rooms practically unfurnished, and a loft for twelve volunteers and two trainers, "hard tack" rations—bread and meat extract—for a fifteen-hour day.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the day began. She had a good breakfast, then loaded a trek cart with bedding. Although it was raining hard, she dragged the cart uphill to a spot where a patrol, after travelling eight miles, had located forty evacuated children who were playing the rôle of the lost children of Europe. For five hours she helped feed and entertain them. At eight o'clock, wet, tired and hungry, she returned to camp.

She had just taken off her shoes and was preparing to sit down to a warm meal when ordered to go to the rescue of two children who had become separated from their companions in the blackout!

More tiring climbs followed—but the children were found, fed, clothed and warmed.

Tough going? Yes—but this work of bringing order back to Europe demands workers who are suitable as leaders, specialists, and possessing the desire to serve, so necessary if such "life-saving operations" are to be completely successful.

One "Mercy Squad," under U.N.R.R.A., hopes to leave Britain when the time comes to assist in relief work among Marshal Tito's men and women fighters of the Army of Liberation.

Their training has been long and varied, with a mastering of languages high on the priority list. One group of these workers recently undertook a ten days' course in a London flat, during which period they did not speak one word of English. Often as many as five languages were shared by ten members of the group.

Tons of Food

Many of these people, who studied languages after a day's work in the office or factory, have had their "toughening up" training in wild country resembling, as far as possible, that of Yugoslavia.

They will, first of all, go to the Middle East, where there are 12,000 Yugoslav refugees. Then, if they have their way, off to Marshal Tito's aid they will go!

The need for real leaders among the Relief Army is obvious. By the end of 1944, if our military plans work out as we hope, over 150,000,000 people in Europe will be relying upon the United Nations for their welfare.

Ready for Anything

Poland, for instance, will require 1,606,000 tons of food in the first six months of freedom. This includes 91,000 tons of meat; 12,800 tons of dried eggs; 38,500 tons of tinned fish; 71,000 tons of cheese.

Dehydration will play a big part in this hastening of supplies to the men and women who are restoring order to Europe. It will mean, for example, that one Liberty ship can in one trip carry abroad the entire yearly production of 230,000 hens, or the entire yearly production of 2,800 cows.

To administer relief fairly, and at the same time firmly, demands men and women of firm character. It is a tribute to women for their skill in this direction that U.N.R.R.A. has appointed as Welfare Director, blonde, blue-eyed Mary Craig McGeachy, a Scots-Canadian.

No woman has ever taken on a more difficult job.

Under her direction people who have for long been under the German jackboot will receive food, clothing, fuel, shelter, medical supplies.

Relief services, such as for health, will be set up. Public utilities will be restored at high speed.

In fact a close examination of this thirty-nine-year-old woman's tasks will explain why people from so many varied walks of life are required.

There should be many "Foster Mothers" in Europe by the end of the year, with Miss Mary McGeachy as their chief.

They will not only be specialists in relief work, but will have been trained in languages, national customs and local conditions.

And in years to come, Young Europe will have cause to bless the British women who braved the unknown, at great personal risk, so that those who had suffered for so long might know what kindness and happiness really meant.

In England a refugee camp is staged as part of the training plan

Our P

By A. G. GARDINER

THE old world has passed away. The new world is dimly emerging from the chaos. What is to be its pattern? What is to be the part we are destined to play in it?

In this critical hour of the war, one thing alone may be regarded as certain. Whatever shape the new world takes it will not be the slave world that Hitler and the German barbarians set out to found under the dread symbol of the swastika. That nightmare has gone. The new world will be a free world.

In fashioning the freedom which is being bought by so much blood and suffering, all the nations will have their part. None will be greater than that of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is well that, even in this anxious moment, the spokesmen of this great community should have assembled in London to consider their part in the mighty task that lies ahead.

We have two claims to be heard. It is the English-speaking world that has spread the idea of free institutions wherever it has penetrated.

AND IT WAS THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH WHICH IN 1940 ALONE SAVED THAT IDEA FROM PERISHING FROM THE EARTH.

* * *

Of all Hitler's mistakes perhaps the most fatal was his belief that when war came the British Empire would fall to bits like a rope of sand. If it had, all would have been over, everywhere. The slave world would have been established.

But it did not fall to bits. It survived Dunkirk. It survived the fall of France. It hardened under every adverse blow.

It wore the enemy down. It saved itself by its own indomitable will. It is no extravagance to say that it has saved the world by its example.

It did all this not in spite of its freedom of choice, but because of its freedom of choice. If it had been yoked together by compulsion it would have fallen asunder.

Being allied only by the bonds of the spirit, its unity increased with every strain put upon it Through the sovereignty of its members it achieved the unity of the whole system.

Thus the British Commonwealth will emerge from the war with its moral leadership immensely enhanced. In a material sense all its members will be poorer. How much poorer Britain herself will be, Sir John Anderson has reminded us.

But it is the greatness of a nation's spirit that in the end fixes its place in the world, and judged by this test the British Commonwealth need fear no comparison.

* * *

In settling the pattern of the new world, and in maintaining the peace of that world, it will have as heavy a responsibility as either of its two chief allies, the United States and Russia.

Its population is less than that of those great nations, though even this disparity will

Place in the World

be overwhelmingly corrected in its favour when, as we may hope, India is soon included in the self-governing members of the Commonwealth.

But apart from this, the far-flung distribution of the British Empire gives it a special value in the organisation of the world as a single going concern.

IN A VERY REAL SENSE THE BRITISH SYSTEM IS A LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN BEING. IT LINKS TOGETHER ALL THE CONTINENTS OF THE EARTH AND MANY OF THE GREAT RACES OF THE EARTH.

In Canada it has a bridge between the Motherland and the other great English-speaking system of the United States, and Australasia joins it in friendly co-operation with the Dutch East Indies on one hand and with the United States on the other. South Africa gives it command of one of the great seaways of the world, the Suez of another, and Gibraltar of a third.

And to all these advantages we can add the common tongue that will carry one through most of the kingdoms of the earth. The value of this cannot be overstated. When Bismarck was asked what was the greatest political fact in America, he replied, "It is that the whole of the North American continent speaks the English language."

* * *

There is no need for us to blush for this rehearsal, for, whatever the blots on our copybook in the past may have been, the signature word of the British Commonwealth is to-day, and has long been, "Freedom."

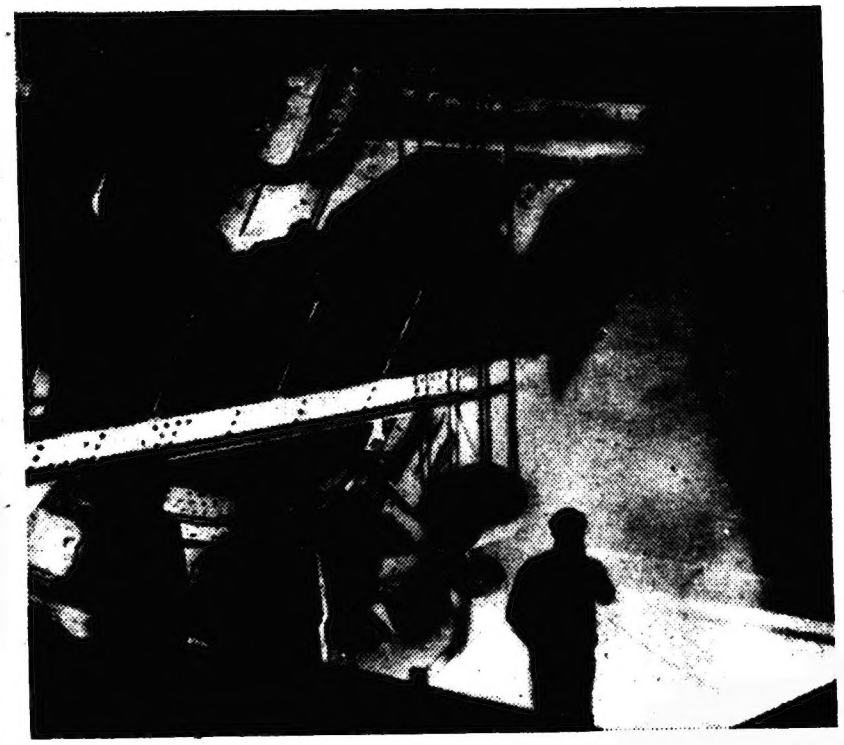
Wherever we have gone we have administered justly. Wherever the people are ripe for self-government we have conceded self-government.

Is this disputable? The facts are on record. The Statute of Westminster is on record.

And for testimony let me quote, not from a friend, but from an enemy—from that learned German Dibelius, who, in a book translated and published here as recently as 1930, wrote that England is the single country in the world:

> *"Where patriotism does not represent a threat or challenge to the rest of the world . . . Britain is the solitary Great Power with a national programme which, egotistic through and through, at the same time promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires—order, progress and eternal peace."*

This is true, and this is why, when the great challenge came, the British Commonwealth in all its parts (save one) stood solid as a rock against the tempest.



First in war, first in peace, Sheffield steel plays a vital part in the Grand Design

And when, not long ago, Mr. Churchill said proudly that he had not taken office "in order to liquidate the British Empire," he said something which, though it did not need saying, the world heard gladly.

FOR IT IS NO VANITY TO SAY THAT THE WORLD CANNOT DO WITHOUT THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH. IT IS THE WORKING MODEL OF THAT WORLD UNITY WHICH HAS BEEN THE ASPIRATION OF GOOD MEN IN ALL LANDS THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES.

It has saved the world from slavery now. It points the way, the only way, in which the enduring reconciliation of mankind can be accomplished. It has abolished the rule of war and established the rule of law in the whole English-speaking world.

FOR I INCLUDE THE UNITED STATES IN THAT BENEFICENT TRUTH. IN WITNESS OF THAT, REMEMBER THAT FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE FRONTIERS OF THE U.S.A. AND CANADA HAVE MARCHED SIDE BY SIDE FOR THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A GUN OR SENTINEL ON LAND OR A WARSHIP ON THE GREAT LAKES.

There is no other such witness on earth to the possibilities of nations living under the reign of perfect trust and perpetual peace.

* * *

IT IS FITTING, THEREFORE, THAT WHEN PEACE COMES THE COMMONWEALTH SHOULD BE FULLY EQUIPPED TO PROCLAIM ITS GOSPEL IN THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONS. IT MUST CONSOLIDATE ITSELF OUT OF THE TREMENDOUS EXPERIENCES OF THESE TIMES.

And having revised the conditions of its own internal relations, it must meet its Allies with an agreed policy for the establishment of the new World Order.

That policy will, of course, be liable to compromise and accommodations. But it will be based on such an experience of the free association of self-governing nations as none of our Allies has to offer.

Its influence upon the future destiny of mankind should make the meeting of the Dominion Premiers in London a landmark in history.

Confusing Orders in Occupied Europe

WHEN are the peoples on the Continent to rise? Straight away? At a given signal? Everywhere at the same time? And who is to give the decisive orders?

★ ★ ★

This is an extremely serious problem. I raised it in JOHN BULL many months ago, at a time when it still was of rather theoretical interest, because I had noticed disturbing differences in the attitude and methods of the various Allies.

Now it has become a matter of immense and urgent practical importance in connection with the Second Front. Yet the same lack of uniformity is again obvious in the instructions broadcast to the feverishly waiting peoples in Europe.

On May Day's eve a new broadcasting station, was opened in the United Kingdom. It is run by the Americans, evidently in closest connection with the Inter-Allied High Command.

Its first warning to the workers on the Continent was *not* to strike prematurely, but to wait for a definite signal which would be given by General Eisenhower.

Otherwise, it was explained, they would merely reveal themselves before the proper time to their Nazi oppressors.

This is plain common-sense.

If the peoples strike and rise behind the enemy line *before* the Great Battle has begun, it will be far more easy for the *Gestapo* and the S.S. to deal with them than if the Germans have to concentrate all their attention and all their strength on the actual front-line once the invasion has started.

The same advice was given out by the B.B.C. also to the anti-Fascist workers in Germany.

The instructions broadcast to the people of France were not so clear. Warnings against premature action alternated with slogans which could be interpreted as calls to immediate action.

★ ★ ★

But literally at the same hour, Moscow radio—which has never ceased to urge the peoples of Europe to rise at once—repeated these appeals for immediate action, particularly in its broadcast to Czechoslovakia.

And so did the B.B.C. European service in the Czech language!

Now, which advice are the French and the Czech workers to follow? How can *they* know what is "urgent" and what is "premature"?

If they obey the warning to caution they may be accused of cowardice. If they follow the order to strike immediately they may play into the hands of Himmler.

★ ★ ★

The need for common agreement on that issue of political strategy, which has meanwhile become also an issue of military strategy is obvious.

Probably the question is not one which can be settled with a *general* answer, valid for all peoples in all parts of Europe and all at the same time

One thing, however, is certain: the key-men of the underground movement throughout Europe and their picked shock-troops are too precious and irreplaceable Allies to be subjected to conflicting instructions at this crucial hour.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

This Week's Short Story

At Face Value

"Lumme!" he exclaimed when Arch had finished. "My own mother wouldn't know me!"

By Will Scott

"I'M glad," said Wilfy, staring at his reflection in the barber's mirror, "that she *has* turned me out."

"Glad?" said Arch, flicking the snippets from Wilfy's neck, and easing the blue-and-white-striped sheet from his collar.

"Glad," repeated Wilfy. "She's turned me out. I'm staying out. I'm *clearing* out."

He eased himself painfully in the barber's chair.

"What I ever saw in that woman to make me marry her, twenty years ago. . . ." His weedy voice trailed off to silence.

"You really *do* need a shave," said Arch, half reaching for his scissors.

"Don't you dare put a finger on my jaw!" protested Wilfy, shrinking.

"Caught you one on the jaw, too?" asked Arch.

Wilfy sighed.

"Caught me one on the jaw with a jampot," he said. "After catching me one on the nose with her fist. I shan't be able to have my face touched for a month. She was just getting the frying-pan to me when I skipped. She'd have bashed my head in."

"Pleasant little woman," commented Arch.

Wilfy stood up and limped round the chair, searching in his pocket for change.

"She needn't have told me never to show my face again," he said. "As if I'd dream. The things I've had to put up with from that woman. . . . Twenty years! She's a holy terror. I'd rather live with a mad bull!"

He paid up and put his hat on.

"What you going to do now, Wilfy?" Arch asked.

"Got no plans, really," he said. "London to start with."

"Ever been there?"

"No," said Wilfy.

"I'm going up on the six train," said Arch.

"Oh yes," said Wilfy. "You're finishing, aren't you? I forgot."

"Soon as the boss gets back," said Arch. "Then I'm through. We might go up together."

Wilfy nodded.

"Meet you at the station, then?"

"O.K.," said Arch.

Wilfy limped to the door and limped out. The door closed, the little bell on its spring tinkled, Arch began to gather his scissors and razors together and watch the clock.

EVEN Wilfy, he reflected, would not be more glad to get out of this dump. Going straight might give you peace of mind, but it couldn't half get on your nerves. Not that he meant to go crooked again. Never. But a chap likes a bit of life now and again.

Two years he'd been here. A dump. Where nothing ever happened. Where nothing ever had happened. Where nothing ever could. Looking back, he was unable to tell himself how he'd stuck it.

The little bell on its spring tinkled. The door opened. Arch looked up. He expected the boss, and a sloppy if short farewell.

Instead it was Spider Brown!

Arch gasped. So did Spider Brown. For a second or so neither of them could believe it. Then Spider put on his slow grin. That nasty take-its-time grin that made you want to land him one on the nose. Only you'd never dared.

"Arch!" said Spider at last.

"S-s-s-spider!" said Arch.

"What are *you* doing here?" said Spider.

"Minding my own business," said Arch.

"Must be three years since we met last," said Spider. "All your dear old pals been wondering what's happened to you. There *was* a silly story that you were going straight—if that's what it's called."

"If you want a shave——," said Arch.

Spider suddenly smacked his knee.

"This is the best bit of luck in the world," he said. "It must have been Fate sent me here—or sent you here first to wait for me."

He swung round the chair and sat in it and looked at his face in the mirror and laughed aloud.

"If you want a shave——," said Arch.

"I *like* that face," said Spider, still laughing, "but I don't like it quite enough to want to keep it."

"Look here——," said Arch.

But Spider was in the mood to tear anything Arch had to say into little bits as fast as it was said.

"You remember what a lad you used to be at disguises," he reminded Arch.

Reflection in the mirror was talking with reflection in the mirror. The two men might have been miles away.

"What are *you* doing here?" Arch asked anxiously.

"Ask yourself!" said Spider.

"Dodging the police?"

"Seems you know all the answers," said Spider.

Arch tried to take a firm line.

"You might as well know that I'm not going to be mixed up——"

But Spider tore that bit up and threw it away.

"Just when I need a disguise I open this door of all the doors in Britain and find *you*! This *is* a bit of luck! The best bloke there ever was yet at disguises."

"I've cut all that out," said Arch.

"You can cut it in again!" said Spider Brown.

"You might as well know——"

Spider took his attention from the mirror, swung his legs over the arm of the chair and looked up at Arch direct.

"Now listen, Arch, my sweet," he said. "I don't want no fancy trimmings. Having found you, I'm not going to let you go. We won't argue. I've got to stay in the dark for a few days. Well—you got a lodger, see?"

"If——," said Arch.

"Lock that door!" ordered Spider Brown.

Arch knew from past experience that it was no use arguing when that tone of voice came along. He locked the shop door, wondering what would happen if the boss turned up. Arch began to sweat.

"I hope you've got it straight," said Spider Brown. "You alter my face for me, and you alter it now, or—I alter yours for you. Please yourself."

Arch shook his head sadly and walked to the side of the barber's chair.

"All right," he said.

"That's talking sense," said Spider.

"What do you want?" asked Arch.

"You're the artist," said Spider. "I leave myself in expert hands."

Arch sighed and looked at the face in front of him.

The thick hair in big curls, the bushy eyebrows, the piggy little eyes, the upper lip like a wall—how he hated them all; how he hated everything about Spider Brown.

HOW he wished, as firmer men had wished, that he could wipe it out altogether. Nobody loved Spider, police or partner. And to Arch, coming back out of a nasty past, he was particularly loathsome.

"Remember," said Spider, with a greasy chuckle, "that time you made Lefty Coomes look like Lloyd George?"

Just when Arch didn't want to remember anything about such things.

Spider's mood changed. He shook himself.

"Get on with it!" he said impatiently.

Arch shook his head and twiddled his scissors and ran his fingers through Spider's big black curls.

"They'd spot your hair anywhere," he said, "What about that off for a start?"

"Bald, y'mean?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead!"

So Arch's scissors snip-snipped and Spider's big black curls fell around in heaps. Then Arch changed to the hand-clippers and soon the top of Spider Brown's head looked like a big egg. The razor finished off the trick.

"Eyebrows, too," suggested Arch. "You were famous for them once."

"Carry on," said Spider.

Arch carried on, and Spider's eyebrows dived down to join his curls.

"Got my case in the back room," said Arch. "Half a tick."

He dodged out and dodged back and opened his case on the next chair. Little camel-hair brushes came to light, and little bottles. Bags appeared under Spider's eyes and the eyes themselves grew bigger, slightly silly-looking.

Lines came up above them. Then a mysterious hank of dark stuff came out of the case and Spider had a terrific moustache.

"Lumme!" he exclaimed when Arch

(*Continued on next page*)

Faith and Homespun Phrases

IT'S those simple familiar phrases that bring home so close to our mind, it's those little humble memories that their way to our hearts swiftly find. Those words that all mothers have spoken, over and over again, those tender words from our childhood which in our minds have silently lain.

It's the simple commonplace sentence that such moving feelings bring. Words that all women say to their men whether commoners or a king. And it is these homespun phrases mixed with faith, and tears, and mirth that strengthen our soul as we journey along the bitterest roads of the earth.

It's the little tender sayings that are the greatest treasure we store. Prayers we once said at our mother's knee which come back to our souls in war. These are the things that touch us and uphold us in death's dark wake, and that keep us from being too much afraid, those words said for love's dear sake.

AND so in grim lonely places or wherever we happen to be, it's the simple saying of simple things that brings comfort to you and me. Christ Himself used such simple phrases, as when he said "Be not afraid," and "Lo, I am with you always," simplest and greatest phrase ever made.—J. M.

HUMAN MACHINE

Opinions Differ

Let's talk about work. A dull subject? It all depends. There are points of view, your know.

For instance, there's that story of the man who died after a very busy life. The next thing he knew was a butler in another world showing him a magnificent guest-room. "This, sir, is your suite," he said. "There is only one rule here: 'You ring—I bring.' You have only to press that button to have all your heart desires."

A month later the dazed guest sat in his easy chair surrounded by everything the heart could wish—cigars, drinks, shotguns, golf clubs, radio, and all else. But there was something wrong. He pressed the button. The butler appeared.

"Here, you," said the man, "I want something to do. I want some WORK."

"I'm sorry," said the deferential butler, "but work is the one thing we don't provide here."

"What?" yelled the man. "Why, if I can't have some work I'd just as soon be in hell."

"Well, sir," replied the butler, "and where did you think you were?"

The gipsies put it rather nicely. "It's the dog who trots about," they say, "who finds a bone."

There's no need to point the moral of these little tales, is there?

---

had finished. "My own mother wouldn't know me!"

He got out of the chair.

"You're not expecting money for this?" he said.

"No," said Arch, who knew better than to argue.

"And you're putting me up for the night."

"I——"

"You're putting me up for the night!"

"Yes," said Arch.

Spider turned and admired himself in the glass.

"Lovely!" he said.

"You can't stay here," said Arch. "If the boss comes in——"

"Where d'yer live?"

"Number two, Myrtle Cottages," said Arch.

"Gimme the key?"

"Don't have one," said Arch. "My landlady will let you in. I got the first door. I'll be along as soon as we close."

SPIDER walked to the door. Arch unlocked it and Spider passed through.

"I'll wait for you in your best armchair," he said. "If you've got anything I'll help myself."

He went, and Arch, still sweating, tidied his case, and put it aside.

Presently the boss came in and got the idea that Arch was a little heartbroken at the thought of leaving. The sloppy if short farewell was got over somehow and Arch took his case and went off. When he reached the station, in plenty of time for the six o'clock train, he was sweating more than ever.

Spider Brown knocked at the door of number two, Myrtle Cottages, and found himself face to face with a woman.

She caught one glimpse of his face and the battle was as good as over.

"I told you never to show your ugly face here again, Wilfy!" she bellowed.

A fist seemed to take off the end of his nose. A flying plate seemed to take off the lobe of his ear. A frying-pan appeared from somewhere, whirled once and got Spider on the top of the head. All the lights in the world seemed to go out, and Spider came peacefully to rest on a bed of marigolds.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

We Should Outlaw the Medicine Men

THREE women in one ward of a London hospital had the same story to tell the visiting doctor last week.

They were all victims of self-styled "specialists" who, despite complete lack of medical training or qualifications, undertake to cure every disease the flesh is heir to.

These are certainly great days for medical quacks.

Doctors are scarce. Minor ills are many—due to war strain. Then there's plenty of money about—and these impostors often demand fees on the same lavish scale as their claims.

Hence there is hardly a town of any size in the whole of Britain without its drug charlatans raking in a rich harvest at the expense of the foolish.

One of the lesser fry is G. Kerr, Health Specialist, of 64, Dunard Street, Glasgow, N.W.

Now when a man is a specialist it is important to weigh in what particular branch of medicine he is specialising.

Miracle-man Kerr defines his specialisation on his letter-heads as follows:

"All chronic Ill-Health and Disease (Adults, Children and Animals) from Head to Foot. Permanently Cured. Both Sexes."

Magic Methods!

He then goes on to describe himself in staccato fashion as "Hidden System Discoverer. Mental, Medical, Surgical (Bloodless). Infectious Diseases, etc."

I think you will agree that those claims, if substantiated, would make Specialist Kerr a doctor well worth meeting—for not in the whole of Harley Street will you find a man who specialises in everything.

If you reply to one of this medicine-man's advertisements, your first surprise will be at the prices charged.

Until a few months ago he was curing everything in which he specialises at a flat rate of four shillings a time, with twopence a packet extra for his health drink.

But war has played havoc with his prices. You must now pay five shillings a time, and his famous elixir for "competitors . . . spectators . . . in home or social life . . . in your occupation . . . and more especially for those engaged at household duties," has gone up by a whole ha'penny.

But what of the Hidden Systems he claims to have discovered? In a letter to one sufferer he hints at one.

You don't have to go to Africa to find "witch-doctors!"

While swallowing a tablet, you have to whirl a hand towel or good-sized piece of rag so that the draught strikes against the body. Do it from head to foot, taking care to place a hand over your heart before fanning that particular part.

The sufferer is then told to get some "Epsom or Rochelle salts, Cascara, Castor Oil, etc." We like the delightful vagueness of that "etc.," which leaves so much to the personal whim of the patient.

And as to dosage: "Don't take a full dose by any means or anything like it, unless you think you require it."

People like Health Specialist Kerr don't do much harm to fools by getting them to fan themselves all over.

It is by keeping those sufferers away from proper qualified men at a time when they need skilled help that they do the damage.

In relation to another quack we have a letter from a North Devon woman who suffers from general debility.

That particular quack had the audacity to ask her for her birth-date, favourite colours, recent photograph, and diagram of skull—apparently to enable him to prescribe treatment!

And unlike our cheaper Specialist Kerr, his minimum charge for treatment is in guineas.

Chinese Plant

And I notice that the notorious Victor Richards, whom I have had occasion to expose in the past, is also functioning from Norfolk Street, King's Lynn.

Millionaires have searched the world for a cure for asthma—have spent thousands of pounds in their vain quest.

And Richards—to whom a friend brought news of a certain Chinese plant, the extract from which has a truly remarkable effect in restoring vaso-motorial balance—has got a cure all the time. Price: two guineas.

We trust the Burma Road is freed from Japanese control in time for Richards to get new supplies of his remarkable root—for these years of war must have played havoc with his stocks.

"Don't let anything stand between you and immediate benefit," he counsels all sufferers.

Exactly. Which means, as I see it, that they should consign Victor Richards' highly coloured pills and bulky printed matter into the hottest available fire and forthwith make an appointment with their doctors.

Danger to Britain

To all lay readers of these words of mine I would say: trust no magic cure held out to you until you have talked it over with your doctor.

But to the Minister of Health I would say: "You are working hard to give this country the national health service it should have had generations back.

"What will be the good of it if scores of thousands of silly people are permitted to sell their health to provide unskilled and unqualified harpies with a fat living?

"Close their business as soon as you can, and make it impossible for others of their kidney to imitate them. They are a danger to Britain. We mustn't tolerate them."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. Murgatroyd, Oxford Court, Acton, London, W.3, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting data.

Letters are welcomed about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

BE CAREFUL WHEN BUYING WAR TIME SUBSTITUTES!

ALTHOUGH in the last year there have been a few prosecutions against dealers in food and household "substitutes," the actual number is so small in comparison with the total offences committed that street market and doorstep cheats are as active as ever.

★ ★ ★

I am constantly receiving complaints from readers, and a typical one comes from a Lancashire housewife who, in an open market, recently bought some powdered crystals which were supposed to make excellent jellies if dissolved in sweetened water and left to set.

When this concoction was ready for serving it smelt like the cheapest fish-glue.

A Ministry of Food official tells me that information concerning dealers who go from place to place selling such "foodstuffs" is being investigated.

Another reader has sent me a boot polish "substitute" which looks like a small piece of black brick. It is quite useless and anyone selling it ought to be dealt with very severely.

This also applies to a packet of "starch" which a Manchester reader has forwarded.

Other complaints I have received concern imitation scents; talcum powders; soap (which are powder and glue, or oatmeal, or a combination of all three); lemonade and chocolate powders; floor and furniture "polish"; shaving greases; and egg "substitutes" which have no relation to the egg.

Three shillings and sixpence was recently paid for a tin of so-called talcum powder that was richly named "Jean Claude Gardenia." It was 100 per cent. chalk.

One racketeer, who specialised in what he called *Poudre de Luxe—London, Paris* and *New York* (using no trade name), has boasted to friends that he made £1,500 in two months out of the gullible public.

★ ★ ★

See that the products offered you are manufactured by well-known or properly established firms and not, as is so often the case in these times, by mushroom traders who have no proper offices and could not produce reliable trading credentials if called upon to do so.

Most town-dwellers would like to be here nowadays—!

HOLIDAYS AT HOME DO NOT ATTRACT THE WORKING WIFE

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

A WOMAN reader wants to know what others think about holidays at home. The prospect appears to depress her pretty badly.

Such a holiday is no holiday at all, she writes. We live in the country, two miles from the nearest town, where I work on a very exacting war job, and every evening I come home to do my housework, cooking, laundry, etc.

A week at home means that I have to work and clean, make beds, cook meals, and wash up more than usual, for then my husband will be at home, too. (He works in an underground factory.) If we decide to picnic for the day I still have to prepare food before we set off and do all the chores when we get back.

How I long for just one week when somebody else will make *my* bed, cook *my* dinner, and wash *my* dirty dishes for a change! Do you think it very wrong of me to persuade my husband to take me to the nearest seaside place?

People say I am unpatriotic to wish to go away from home in war time, and that we ought to be content to stay at home; but after working really hard for a whole year we do need one week of complete change and relaxation.

If we lived in a big town we could go to the pictures, a concert, or listen to the bands in the park, but in the country we get none of these things.

If only you could realise how humdrum village life can be at a time like this! I wonder what other war-work wives think about it?

No one can read that letter without realising that it comes from a very tired woman. But for this ban on travel, which is a military necessity, I would urge her to get right away from it all.

She would work all the better for a complete change. She knows all this as well as everybody else.

But if an exception is made for one tired worker it must be made for all. There would be traffic congestion precisely at a time when the railways cannot cope with it. I am afraid she will have to "stick it out" this year in the hope of a real holiday in 1945.

This sounds very hard-hearted, doesn't it? In any case, the seaside places seem out of the question this summer.

Here is a country woman longing for a week in a town, and I know thousands of town-dwellers who long for a week in a quiet country village. What a pity she can't swop houses with some relative or friend! When travel restrictions are lifted there might be much more exchanging during the holiday season—to the mutual pleasure of both families.

If the town is within walking distance it might be done now. Why not? Household chores could be reduced to a minimum, and the husband should lend a hand.

Here is a very different type of problem:

My friend is an only child, writes a man, and his early life was made unhappy owing to his father's indulgence in drink. His most vivid memories are of the nights when his father came home drunk and locked the boy and his mother out of the house. They had to sleep in an adjoining shed.

Constant worry and ill-treatment broke the mother's health and she died. But on her death-bed she made the boy promise that he would never forget the way she had been treated. He was then about fourteen.

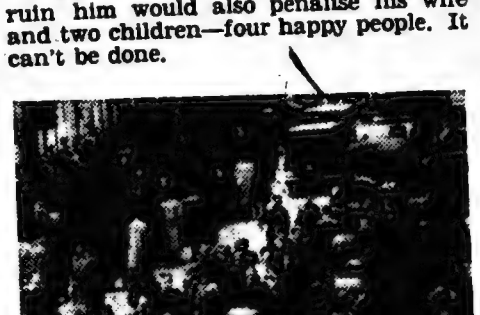
He is now a man, and it is in his power to ruin his father completely. It is the one thing for which he has been working all these years. His father, however, has married again, has quit his drinking, and worships his new wife and their two children.

The problem which is worrying my friend is whether he ought to avenge his mother or to refrain. If he ruins his father now he will feel the deepest remorse; if he does nothing he will feel that he has failed in the promise made to his dying mother.

There is no middle course possible. He has authorised me to ask for Humanist's advice on the question.

FRANKLY and bluntly, I think the man should dismiss all ideas of revenge. He does not know why his father took to drink, nor why his mother was locked out of the house. There must be another side to the story.

His father is now a changed man. To ruin him would also penalise his wife and two children—four happy people. It can't be done.



—but countryfolk pine for the bustle of London

VOICE OF THE TR

GESTAPO men serving in Italy are unpopular with German troops, according to Pte. E. Sewell, who writes to his wife at High Stanners, Morpeth, Northumberland:

After the attack we sent some of the German prisoners we had taken to bring in their wounded comrades. To our surprise, they refused to move one man who was badly wounded in the chest.

We asked why. They said he was a *Gestapo* man, so they were not interested!

However, we changed their minds on that subject, and at last he was carried in.

The Jerries showed every kindness to their wounded except the *Gestapo* man. When he died they were even reluctant to bury him with military honours.

Later, they told us that he had served with their regiment for the specific purpose of spying on them and reporting any signs of discontent or weakening of morale.

Thinking it over, one feels we are lucky in having nothing worse to put up with than the sergeant-major—who is now enjoying himself as the Jerry prisoners spring to attention and salute smartly every time he passes them. I don't blame them; it is probably his moustache that impresses them!

Odd Customs

Serving in the Near East, Cfn. E. Davies, R.E.M.E., pays a tribute to the hospitality and customs of local people. He writes to a friend at Laurel Avenue, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

I have made good friends here and am often asked to visit their houses. Last night I went to one of them and had supper. This consisted of beans, nettles, and a few different kinds of grass, which were all cooked together and served piping hot with olive oil.

It may sound a bit queer, but it was quite tasty—and so was the brandy which followed later in the evening.

It is a custom here that if you visit a house you must have two drinks, one for each foot that brought you there! The same thing happens when you leave—a drink for each foot that takes you away. Very friendly and pleasant, I call it!

Another custom is that you must never fold your napkin when the meal is over. If you do, it signifies to the host that you don't like his company, and will not come to his house again. So I never fold my napkin!

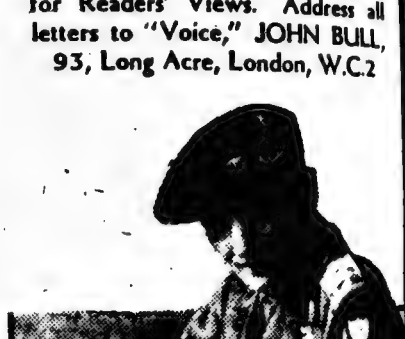
Gone Astray

Parcels of cigarettes sent to the troops in Italy often go astray, and here is a wrathful protest from Pte. G. Powell to his wife at London Road, North Cheam, Surrey:

I can't for the life of me make out what is happening to the parcels of cigarettes you have been kindly sending out to me. The only lot I have received since leaving North Africa were forwarded on from my old mob, and that was five months ago!

It looks a bit fishy, especially as all your mail and other parcels reach me. Many of the lads here are complaining about the same thing—the parcels of cigarettes that mysteriously disappear on the way out.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2



"I'm Montgomery—and a terror!"

Here is a ranker's impression of "Monty" inspecting the Invasion troops. Gnr. A. E. Champion, R.A. writes to his family at Cavendish Road, Skegness, Lincs:

Yesterday we stood in the cold a rain, while waiting for General Mo gomery. There was no "spit a polish" parade for him, as he h ordered our dress for the occasion: B gaiters and gas capes. When he arriv he walked through our ranks with cheery word, a question and a lau You get the impression that he is o of us.

I wouldn't like to get on the wro side of him. He is a little chap, w and full of "go." His face is tanne and his eyebrows and moustache a

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● —A woman has been worried into ness by a fortune-teller who s that her husband (missing in Italy) h been killed in action. Later he w reported a prisoner of war. Why not j the charlatans?—A. Cox, Rownha Road, Southampton.

★ ★ ★

In spite of war time shortages, ma schoolmasters are still giving "lines" a form of punishment. What a waste paper! — "Schoolboy," Blackhill, Durham.

★ ★ ★ ★

There should be price-control of ra blades. To charge 4d. each for bla which used to cost 8d. a dozen is d light robbery.—B. Richmond, Broadw Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Why all this fuss about teaching r gion in elementary schools? Wha the Sunday-schools for, anyway!—" Teacher," Burnley.

★ ★ ★

Members of the N.F.S. are of refused admission to Service cantee As a N.F.S. man stationed many m away from his home, I think we sho be allowed the same canteen facil as the other Services.—"Branchma Notts.

TROOPS

ey. His eyes seem to bore right rough you, and what adds to this fect is that his eyes are deeply set. elieve me, those eyes don't miss a ing.

His general attitude seems to be: "I'm ontgomery, and I'm a terror, so watch ut!" He seems so confident in him-lf, you might almost describe it as ockiness.

That may explain why he gets away ith things, it would be a pity to dis-ppoint him if his mind was set on a ing to be done. I think it would be dismal business trying to explain to im that things had come unstuck.

Well, later in the day our big noises ad got us all nicely lined up, and what appened? Montgomery just waved his rms inviting us to get together, and we warmed round his jeep. Then he gave s a short, man-to-man talk, without rills. He said that he never starts a attle unless he is sure of winning easily, nd he believes in aerial bombardment s a preliminary.

When the Germans have had enough mbing, we'll step ashore and put them their place. It's easy, said Monty, you do it at the right time! Let's ope so!

Theft No Robbery

Raiding native villages to recover property stolen from our troops by Arabs is a routine job in North Africa. Dvr. L. Willetts, R.A.S.C., writes to his parents at Machen, Newport, Mon:

Last Sunday we were up bright and arly at 4.45 a.m. and set off with M.P.s nd local gendarmes to make a raid on n Arab village, where we hoped to re-over a quantity of clothing and equip-ent stolen from us.

We travelled about ten miles in a orry, climbing up a twisting mountain oad—and what a road! Then we parked he lorry, finishing the last four miles o the village on foot.

Our arrival was a surprise; we sur-ounded the village while the gendarmes nd M.P.s made their search. The result as the arrest of two Arabs and the ecovery of a pile of Army blankets, rousers, tunics, shirts, and other odd-ents.

It seems a bit hard on the Arabs, who ave nothing to wear and are tempted o scrounge Army stores, which are oupon-free. They imagine that what is urs is theirs! But we get on pretty ell.

Cup That Cheers

Football in India helps to relieve the monotony of off-duty hours, as Cpl. F. Lear, 21st British General Hospital, informs his mother at Lovely Lane, Warrington:

Friday was the day of the final six-a-ide match, and our team won the com-etition.

Before the match some of the boys arried sandwich-boards round the field, dvertising the prowess of our players. nd the crowd was as enthusiastic as if had been a Cup-tie game at home.

In the evening we had a smoking con-ert to celebrate the great occasion; as he victorious team, we were presented ith cups by the matron. They are nice ttle things and we are having them ngraved.

The colonel, a member of our team, as so thrilled at winning a trophy that e has invited us to dinner on Wednes-ay.

Will you please clear a space on the antelpiece; I'm sending the cup home my next parcel.

This is a Disgrace to Britain

By Hannen Swaffer

RACIAL discrimination, the foul thing on which Hitler rose to power, is now tolerated on British soil—and by our Government!

For "diplomatic" reasons, Whitehall tamely watched the sentencing, by a Polish court-martial, of twenty-one Jews to long imprisonment because they "deserted." In reality, they came to London in the hope of being allowed to fight in the British Army, as 200 others had been allowed to do, instead of being insulted by anti-Semites in the Polish ranks.

We British cannot deny that, largely, we are to blame. In 1940, M.P.s questioned clauses in the Allied Forces Bill, which gave to exiled Governments the right to try their own nationals.

Sir Edward Grigg, then at the War Office, read to the House, to placate objectors, these words issued by General Sikorski:

"I strictly forbid to show to soldiers of Jewish faith any unfriendliness, through contemptuous remarks or anything humiliating to human dignity. All such offences will be severely punished. This Order is to be read on parade to all soldiers."

It was not until this Order, although read out repeatedly, had been flagrantly disobeyed for three years, that Jewish protests caused serious trouble.

Signed statements, before me as I write, prove that conditions in the Polish army made it impossible for a Jew to endure them.

PRO-GERMAN

"Among my fellow-soldiers," declared one of the persecuted men, "there was a very definite and outspoken anti-Jewish feeling. Among the officers it was not outspoken; but there was a silent contempt which we could not help but feel. We were intended to feel it.

"Among the rank and file, however, there were definite and constant threats to 'deal' with us as soon as they got a chance. 'The Jews are responsible for all the misfortunes of Poland,' we were told, 'and we shall know how to deal with them as soon as we get a chance.'

"We have had several thousand new soldiers in the Polish army, outspoken and undisguised anti-Semites. They are soldiers who, when fighting in the German army under Rommel, were taken prisoner in North Africa.

"The Polish authorities obtained their release because they were Polish subjects, and enrolled them in the Polish army. These new recruits are not only strongly anti-Semitic, with all the anti-Jewish feeling dominant among the Germans with whom they served, but they are still friendly disposed to their former German masters."

WILLING TO FIGHT

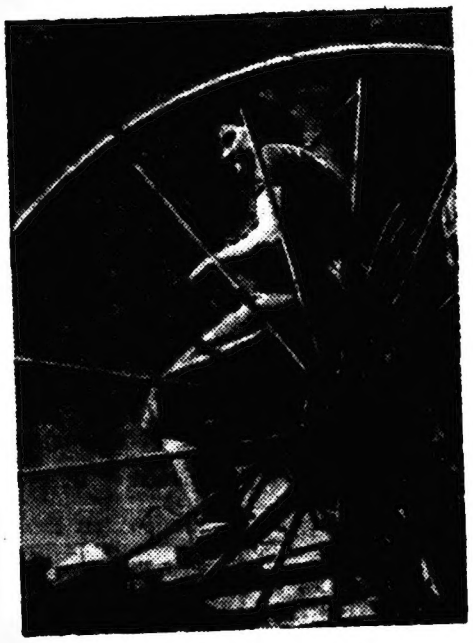
No, this man did not want to leave the army. That would be a disgrace, he declared.

"I want to fight. But I cannot fight in such surroundings. I would be happy to fight in a Jewish unit in the British Army, together with my comrades."

But this he was not allowed to do!

Among the statements made to the Foreign Office is that of a Jew who joined the Polish army here, as a volunteer.

"Every day they called me 'Dirty Jew,'" he declared, knowing the risk he was running. "One day when the wireless gave the news of the 40,000 Jews being massacred by the Nazis in a gas



But in the freedom of Palestine, the Jews are happy

chamber, they said to me: 'A good job! Poland will have less Jews.'

"One Pole said to me: 'Wait until we get back to Poland. Then we will not leave a single Jew alive!' I realised I was among enemies not friends. I was more than once ready to take my own life.

"I am ready to fight against Hitler in the most dangerous place, but not among Poles, who hate and insult me and my people. Can you help me to join a Jewish battalion?

"If my young life can't be used, then I will put an end to it. It is bitter but true.

"Either I fight as a man among men or I shall die as a victim of anti-Semitism in the Polish army."

So I could go on filling columns with quotations—such phrases as "I was told that when the Second Front was opened we would be shot in the back."

Can you wonder that 100 Jewish soldiers left the Polish army, determined never to return? Well, assurances were made to them that their complaints would be investigated and that each would be allowed to make application to join the British Army.

That promise was not kept. Actually some of the men are now in jail, serving one to three years' imprisonment.

"We are still ready and willing to fight and we shall go wherever we are sent. But we would rather serve twenty years in prison than one more day in the Polish army," they declared.

Practically all of them said that when they left their units about five weeks before, they did so in the belief that there would be no difficulty in joining the British Army. They said that they had no intention of deserting or evading service in the army.

Yes, not only has the racial discrimination for which we blame Hitler been tolerated on British soil, but when the matter was raised in the House of Commons, Captain Alan Graham excused it on the ground that "only a fortnight ago there were eighty Jewish desertions from the Czechoslovak army."

ABUSIVE LETTERS

This forced Major Fink, who is Prosecutor-General of the Czech army, to reply that only one Czech had deserted in the last year, and that of the only twenty Czechs who had deserted in this country since the war started, only a trifling few were Jewish and that there was no racial discrimination of any kind in the Czech army.

Yet an even more disturbing feature of the whole business is that M.P.s who have raised the matter in the House of Commons have received abusive letters and postcards, all, of course, anonymous, and all betraying evidence of the anti-Semitism in our midst.

Tom Driberg, who has on several occasions called attention to the anti-Semitism in the Polish army, received this communication the other day:

"Did you read about the gas van used against the Yids in Poland and Russia? This fate and worse is awaiting all the Yids here and elsewhere and no amount of Jew trickery and masquerading as good little patriotic Englishmen will help. Get out of this our Christian England. We want no Jew-pigs here. England for the English. Perish Judah."

I myself received from Cardiff, the other day, a letter from a man who boasted that "as a Protestant, I hate all Catholics and all Jews. I also hope you will roast in hell."

Where Do They All Come From?

I WONDER where all the Smiths come from.

Wherever you turn there are Smiths. It doesn't seem natural. I don't think it is natural.

Surnames originated with your job, or the shape of your face or something like that, long ages ago. Mostly with your job. If you looked after the bread department you became known as Baker. If you looked after the barrels you became known as Cooper.

★ ★ ★

So that, of course, the man in the horseshoe section became Smith.

The Smiths mighty men are they, maybe, with muscles on their brawny arms, but there's more in it than the survival of the fittest.

In normal times, if you were born George Badbrain or George Hellcat or George Ringworm, you didn't have to worry too much. You simply called yourself George ffolliott-Delacey, or anything else that took your fancy. Who was to know?

But in these times, with forms to fill in every other minute, and Food Offices and such places to visit every other day, the mere repetition of anything like George Pinprick begins to get on your nerves.

★ ★ ★

You can hide it over your shop window by calling yourself The Lilliput Stores. But you can't hide it on your billheads. The law sees to that. The truth comes out in brackets. "Midget' Merchants, Ltd. (George Pusswhiskers)."

So that your only hope is a change of name.

And since the average man is not a very original creature he doesn't do much exploring when it comes to picking a new one. He simply shuts his eyes and sticks a pin in the directory. And when you do that kind of thing, what do you get?

Smith . . .

Which is how it all comes about.

I'm only guessing. A. G.

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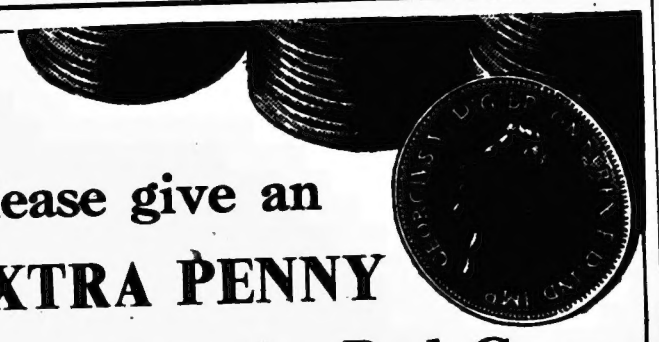

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LAST LAUGH

MRS. V. (Maidenhead).—"I got a shock when I thought I saw a stranger at work in my garden." It was your husband?

PATRIOT (Hythe).—"It is still true that the sun never sets on the British flag." And we are hoping to get the dove to settle on it within a reasonable time now.

D. T. (Weymouth).—"When air transport is universal, we'll miss the train." Some of us do now.

V. S. (Leeds).—"There is nothing more boring than to have to listen to a speech without any point in it." Except a joke.

V. M. (Leek).—"I am keeping an absolutely frank diary now." Locked up?

G. H. (Newark).—"What can one get cheap in a big town by queueing?" Music, sometimes.

H. P. (Crewe).—"Is it possible to get any sort of a coat without coupons?" What about a coat of arms?

MEDICO (Bath).—"The British soldier can be inoculated against practically anything." Except, of course, the General Forces Programme?

FARMER (Tamworth).—"Rain is wanted badly in many parts of this country, and yet there is nothing we can do about it." It is too early, we suppose, to arrange a few garden parties.

E. W. (Windsor).—"The *Radio Times* is studied carefully by the Germans." They are still unaware, however, of the full details of the Forces Programme.

D. E. (Acton).—"Shoes put outside hotel doors have been disappearing." An inexpensive burglar-alarm may be installed by the guest sleeping on the floor with the shoe-laces attached to the toe and leading under the door to the shoes.

W. A. (Birmingham).—"For a wager a well-known concert violinist obtained a position in a dance band under another name." But he was soon discovered because he threw the whole band into tune.

R. C. (Colchester).—"A man was seen sucking a lemon in a theatre queue." A kerbside cornet-player recited instead.

D. M. (Margate).—"An American psychiatrist says he does not believe Hitler is highly strung." He may not be, but it is a good idea.

R. E. (Exeter).—"A barrel of beer which fell from a brewer's dray burst on the road and the contents disappeared down a drain." Spectators were amazed that it wasn't too weak to run.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"And I can see so clearly, in every one of your faces,' that look of invincible determination, without which we,' etc., etc."

Side-Slips

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—". . . was interested to see that the latest type of Berlin shelter is built on the COMICAL roof principle."

CARMARTHEN JOURNAL: — "The Rural District Council has decided to appoint a whole-time HAT-CATCHER at a salary of. . . ."

GLASGOW OBSERVER:—". . . the frontiers of the new Europe after the second WORD war, the peace to which we look forward will. . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—"Now in his 9TH year, Mr. F. King has nine children living, forty grandchildren, and seventy great-grandchildren."

EVENING EXPRESS: — "Formations of four-engined aircraft, in successive WIVES, to-day dropped bombs on. . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . a children's hospital, FIRE-WATERS on the roof. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● When the splendour of a May morning makes you feel that life is good, spare a thought for those victims of circumstance whose skies are seldom cloudless. There is James Morrissey, for instance, ex-gunner veteran of the last war, who has been lying ill in his South London home for ten long weeks.

The fact that he has three children, aged nine, six, and eleven months, and a total income of £2 14s. 6d., makes his plight the more pathetic. When rent, insurance, and instalment on furniture have been met this family has barely 35s. weekly on which to exist.

And their case is typical of many where prolonged illness in the home spells disaster to families whose means are slender enough at the best of times.

Help us to help them all with a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers."

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among deserving cases on our books at the Committee's discretion.

Acknowledgment will be sent to all who furnish names and addresses; but anonymous donations are equally welcome.

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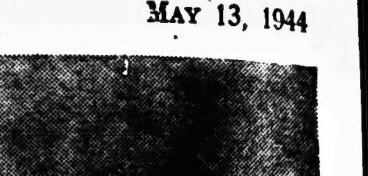

First Prize £200—"Bullets" 1,423

Miss C. Cressley, 5, Hewitt Av., Denton, Lancs, for this "Bullet": WHEN TOMMY COMES HOME RULE OUT THE BARREL-ORGAN!

£30: C. Harnwell, 25, Hesketh Place, Fleetwood.
In The Moonlight—"Spitfire" Looked Like "Angel."

£20: M. Dodds, 113, Wall St., Cumcloa, Falkirk.
Peace Picture—Tommy's "Purchasing" For Nation.

£10: A. H. Hudson, 185, Ashburton Rd., Hugglescote. **Over Here—Rebel—Re-building Democracy's "Tower."**

£9: E. Pearson, 34, Wellington Rd., Bridlington. **Man We Cheer—Churchill—Criticise, Diehard Winston.**

£8: W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield. **The Rising Sun—"Catching" Allies' Steel.**

£7: A. Cook, 50, Gospatrick Rd., Tottenham, N.17. **When Tommy Comes Home—"Drilling" Peace Into Sonny.**

£200 for a "BULLET" NEXT PAGE

£6: F. Shutt, 32, Cubar Rd., Great Barr, Birmingham.
Winston and Father—Agree—Clever Chap, Winston!

£5: H. A. Jackson, 46, Kendal St., Barrow-in-Furness. **In The Moonlight—No Lingering, *Slipping "Lens."***

£4: A. Threlfall, 170, The Green, Eccleston, Lancs. **In The Moonlight—Berlin's Cats Sharing Pile!**

£3: Mrs. R. J. Oakley, 36, Beaconsfield Rd., Blackheath, S.E.3.
Woke Up The Medium—Assistant's Whisper, "Eetoplasm's Rationed!"

£2: G. Clark, 239, Charlestown Rd., Blackley, Manchester.
Over Here—Americans Not "Isolationists." Anyway!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,250 Merit Awards have been posted.

£25 WON OUTRIGHT

FOR FOUR LETTERS!

In Laugh-Lines No. 165, most unfortunately for entry was decided by Adjudication Committee to be that bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order — K—S—J entered by R. Davidson, Garvock Rise, Tayport, Dunfermline, who thus wins £25 outright.

Award for 1st Runners-up with FIRST THREE letters in order above shared between following competitors: G. Amos, Droitwich; Mrs. M. Bailey, Blackpool; W. Buckley, Blackpool; A. Burgess, London W.1; M. Cribb, Abbotsbury; Sgt. F. A. Frost, Somewhere-in-Britain; Cpl. R. Heath, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain; Mrs. L. K. Newcombe, Malton; Mrs. A. Shaw, Hoylake.

2nd Runners-up Awards for 130 entrants with FIRST TWO.

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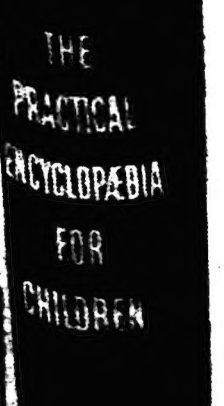

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"Many authorities have come to that conclusion. But, remember, poisons may also originate in a lazy, overloaded bowel—and pass into the blood."

"Maybe that is my trouble—please tell me how I can get these poisons away."

"Certainly! You must keep your bowels gently open and you must help your kidneys cleanse your bloodstream. Fynnon Salt will bring gentle relief for the bowels—and you will be interested to know that Fynnon Salt will also help your kidneys. A dose of Fynnon

DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS

after leaving your stomach on its way down through the system. Part acts as a perfect laxative. But the other part is absorbed into the bloodstream, gently stimulates an increased outflow through the kidneys and bladder and so drains away poisons from the area of your rheumatic pain."

"So Fynnon Salt is much more than a laxative! I can see now why it can do so much good to anyone suffering from Rheumatism."

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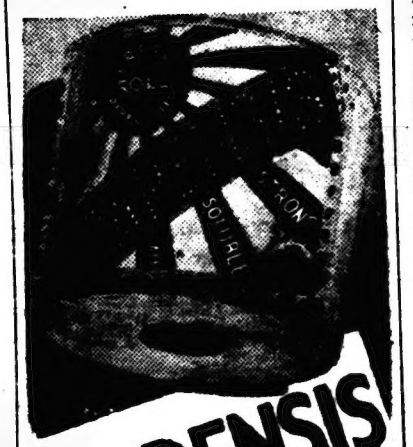

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ANOTHER *Bullets* Big Week! Yes, the fine, round sum of £200 is waiting for just two, three or four well-chosen words—enter them on your coupon below!

To give space for this second thrilling broadside of *Bullets* May Campaign, our *Laugh-Lines* Contest appears only in *Bullets Bulletin* this week. So if you have reserved no copy, use all your spare half-hours on *Bullets* for this Bumper Prize before you.

As you have only one week to win one of this week's 1,037 prizes, the time to get busy on your £200 *Bullets* is *now*. Even if you have five minutes only, use them!

See that your entry is posted not later than Monday, May 22, and you may well have the thrill of seeing your name on that £200 First Prize Joy Wire.

HOW TO WIN £200

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, to the recent *Example*, WE SALUTE, a Newquay reader won First Prize by adding the simple but telling words, HEROES "PASSING OVER" DAILY.

For further guidance on how to make a £200 *Bullet*, see this week's chief winning *Bullets* on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

FROM BRITAIN'S SHORES
THIS TIME
BITTER STRUGGLE
DICTATOR MARS
SHOCKS AND SURPRISES
STILL WITH US
DREADING THE DAY
SLAP, BANG, WALLOP!
WARM FRIENDSHIP
FOOD AND CLOTHING
MRS. GRUNDY
COMING PROBLEM
EASILY FORGOTTEN
OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES
FATHER'S PUB
VOICE OF A CUCKOO

WITH LUCK
IN SONNY'S GARDEN
FIRST IN
AT AUNTIE'S WHIST DRIVE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

STORY OF .....
NEARER .....
MAKES EVERYBODY .....
PREPARING FOR .....
OUR LITTLE .....
DYING TO .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 2. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,427

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, MAY 22

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,427—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

Royal Enfield

BICYCLES

WORKING FOR WAR

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